MIRACLES OF TODAY

BY

"BROTHER BILL"

PART ONE

MIRACLES OF TODAY

By

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DEDICATION

Can a book be dedicated to many?

Then I, in all the love of my being, do dedicate this booklet to my Master and Teacher, now ascended, and to all the Host who work with him for man's regeneration, to the Angelic Host and the Great White Brotherhood. To all these, then, this booklet is affectionately dedicated.

Yucaipa, California,
December, 1947.

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their destination, then, after parking the car at the side of the road, we would have to make a dash for it through the storm.

I pulled up and my friend remarked, "It's raining harder now than at any time since we left Chicago."

"Sure," I replied; "the storm is spending itself. I believe in the Light, and God cannot fail to answer Light's call!"

At that instant, as if a canopy had been raised over us, we noticed that the sound of the rain falling on the car top had ceased. We then walked the distance to the cottage and entered, and *then* down came the rain again, as my friend had said, harder than ever—or so it seemed to us.

There are more doubting Thomases than believers in the Law of Life, it seems, yet my companion remarked that he didn't know what I was doing but at least things happened the way I wanted them to. I commanded him, "Look at my shoes—and now look at yours! Mine are clean; you have mud even on the sides and tops of yours. Why? You doubted; I believed! You failed God and so your shoes are proof of your earthliness. You, too, can have clean shoes; you, too, can command the storm. You, too, can have God on your side—but there is one thing you must remember: If you want God on your side *you must invite Him*—lovingly, joyously, graciously! Recall to mind how the miracles of Jesus and His disciples came to pass. The most outstanding to my mind was when Jesus, standing apart from the crowd, yet away from the tomb of Lazarus, held his hand over his face to shut out the sight of the multitude and their wonderment, and spoke to His Presence: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me. And I know that Thou hearest me always. But because of the people which stand by I said it that they may believe that Thou hast sent me." And then, in a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth!" (John 11-41).

Notice that Jesus thanked the Father (the I AM) in advance. Notice, too, that He was sure of Himself, yet even more sure that the Father would not—nay, could not—refuse. Did not God say, "Thou shalt decree a thing and it shall be established unto thee?" (Job 22-28).

So I say to all those blessed people who pray to God:

1. Thank God as Jesus did—in advance.
2. Decree! Believe! (Mark 11-24); Accept!

For God cannot fail any more than the sun can fail to shine.

I know that many people have felt that God failed them. It is not God who failed; it was YOU. You failed in your application somewhere. His Law is immutable, unalterable and unchangeable. He cannot fail. Search yourself and see wherein *you* have failed.

On another occasion I carried a picture of Jesus on the water under my arm for eighteen miles. Because of the lack of carfare I walked. It was raining, so I decreed that the picture be not harmed. When I arrived at my destination my friends could not believe that I had walked in the rain all that distance. NEITHER THE PICTURE NOR MY PERSON WERE WET!

On still another occasion I walked four blocks through a downpour. I had called for an electronic umbrella of Light, using the 91st Psalm. My folks thought I had ridden in a taxi, because *I was not wet!*

Chapter IV

EPISODE OF THE FROST IN THE CITRUS GROVE

"Out of the blackness of Disorder and its out-pouring of human misery, there will arise the Order which is Peace. When Man learns that he is one with the Thought which itself creates, all beauty, all power, all splendor, and all repose, he will not fear that his brother can rob him of his heart's desire. He will stand in the Light and draw to himself his own."

—The Lost Prince

A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

—Saint John 13:34

I had left Chicago to visit some friends in the South. They had had a hard time of it. In two previous years they had failed to get a good crop. The first year it was one thing, the second, a hurricane had broken through—yea, smashed its way—through the citrus belt, leaving only warped and broken trees in its wake. To save the grove it became necessary to prune and doctor the trees and the badly broken limbs had to be painted to prevent fungus or other diseased growth. Any grower will know better than I can tell how a tree surgeon will labor to save a tree, even as a doctor labors to save a human life.

I arrived in March, when there was still a possibility of frost, yet the grower was unprepared to take measures against it. In fact, none of us gave a thought to the possibility of frost, it happened so very seldom. But strike it did! One morning lamentations awakened me from my sleep about an hour before my usual time to arise.

Dressing quickly I went to the dining room where my host was discussing this latest calamity with his family. Having lost two previous crops, this was the crowning blow. In other words, it was the last straw, this meant failure!

Now, man's extremity is God's opportunity, so I told my friends that God had never created the frost, that was man's work. God could easily overcome it.

Of course that is a bombshell to most people who believe that God, a great being sitting far up in the heavens, is the cause of all calamities. They as readily believe in the expression, "It's an act of God!" Further, they seek to put upon this far off being all blame for things not readily understood. So these kindly folk argued with me on this score. I said, "Now, if you care to argue some of these facts out, why not argue them out with God—if perchance you can find a God to argue with you—but please don't argue with me because I will not argue any more than God will."

Finally someone said, "Well, let's see you do something!"

"I of myself can do nothing; but the God of my fathers, He doeth the works," was my reply.

So, I went out to the grove. Along each row of trees I walked—down one side and up on the other, then across the rows, pouring out my heart's love, first to my Presence, then to the trees, decreeing, visualizing and affirming perfection until I was called for lunch. Time and space had been set aside. Five hours had passed as five minutes!

At lunch I was questioned about the Laws of Life so that our discussion lasted into the afternoon. My host had had to look after some chore about the place and upon his return he mentioned a change in the grove. The new growth on the trees which had been badly affected, so that they turned black from being nipped by the frost, were beginning to look less seriously hurt.

My first act was to bless and thank God. Lest the reader think it had been too light a frost to affect the fruit and blossoms, let me assure you that all the new growth and the blossoms dropped off. Later on in the season a new growth appeared and the trees bloomed again. An excellent crop

came to replace the blackened leaves and buds. I ate some of the grapefruit from those trees that year—after I returned to Chicago. Grateful friends shipped us a *crate* of pink grapefruit!

I was grateful to God the Father. Gratitude is the FIRST Great Law of existence. Remember that, my friend! Not the second nor the third but the FIRST great Law of existence.

He who seeks God seeks Light. Light you have. If ye seek more light, be grateful for Life and Light. They are synonymous. Then give praise for Light, for Life, for Love. Without Love how can anyone be truly grateful? Too many students decree like automatons; they give forth no active gratitude, no love nor praise nor thanks. Then they have surely asked amiss. (A miss, at least not a hit!) They wonder, "Why didn't God answer me?" or "Why did God let me down?" Seek your answer in 13th Corinthians: Charity, it states, is the greatest of the Trinity—Faith, Hope and Charity. Like many others, I like to feel that if I love enough, I shall include Charity. So I substitute the word LOVE. Jesus said something to the effect that if you love Him you will do charity. (John 21-15).

So, remember, my friends, if ye *believe* ye may walk in the midst of the fire, on the waters or in the storm, yet be unaffected.

Chapter V

EPISODE OF THE INSECTS

"There are a myriad Worlds. There is but One Thought out of which they grew. Its Law is Order, which cannot swerve. Its creatures are free to choose. Only they can create disorder, which in itself is pain and woe and hate and fear. These they alone can bring forth. The Great One is a golden light. It is not remote but near. Hold thyself within its glow, and thou wilt behold all things clearly. First, with all thy breathing being, know one thing —that thine own Thought, when so Thou standest, is One with That which thought the Worlds!

—The Lost Prince

Be not ye therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him.

—Matthew 6:8

Following the previous episode came this one, with the same friends, on the same piece of property.

My hostess was complaining about the Army ants! I think that is the name for them. At least they march in single file, and enter the house in long lines, day or night.

"Bill," she said, "these ants are frightful. They come into my cupboards and empty a sugar bowl in a single night. They're no worse than these roaches, however, which, if I fail to cover everything tightly, will take to their nest outside a whole loaf of bread, bit by bit; and one night they cleaned up the remainder of a roast, each one taking as much as he could bite off."

I believe that the beetle, which makes its nest outdoors much as the ants do, is not a roach at all, but these were large as roaches and black as coal. The ants were large

and if purchance you got too near their nest, they would swarm all over you and bite hard.

Now, the conversation about the insects took place one day as we were about to sit down to our noon meal. During the course of the meal my hostess went to a drawer in the kitchen cabinet. As she pulled out a drawer to get a spoon —out jumped a mouse!

You will realize that very many people are afraid of mice. The sudden jump of the mouse would have taken most anyone by surprise. It did us, and the lady of the house was, of course more surprised then we were.

"Oh," she cried; "a mouse! What are we going to do? Ants, roaches and now this! Bill, if there's anything in your instructions about these things, for goodness' sake, do it quick!"

I went over to the cabinet, placed my hands upon it and raised my eyes to the Presence. "Great Masterful Presence of Life," I said; "Charge Thy Light Rays through this cabinet and through this home with such power that it will keep out all such things as mice, ants and roaches; keep out all insects, all animals, all pests—everything that does not belong here. Cause them to stay out where they belong. This is God's house in temporary charge of Thy children; so take command and sustain it by Thy Mighty Power. So be it!"

It always seems that the sinister forces try you at your word. It always seems, too, that there is someone handy who will aid and abet those forces, even if they do not realize it.

At that moment someone called my attention to a line of large red ants marching across the floor. In language which almost derided my call to the Light for aid, they said, "Look Bill, one line of ants coming and one line going out—with sugar!"

Sure enough, the sugar bowl was open on the sink board table! What caused me to do *this* I don't pretend to know; I did it involuntarily:I wet the first two fingers of my right hand, and calling for Light, drew a line just back of the threshold near the door. Then I said, "Mighty I AM Presence, the decree made just a few minutes ago in regard to the things that don't belong here—I meant it! Lend Thine aid to stop this nonsense!"

The ants inside the house marched back and forth but did not cross that line. The ants on the outside of that line, where the Presence had established its line of Light, also refused to cross it. Thus they seemed to swarm inside and out, back and forth, until the nest was evidently empty. Then, without a word, my friend took a tea kettle of scalding water from the stove and settled her score that way!

We had a letter from those friends later, in which they thanked God that they had had no more mice, no roaches or ants since I gave the decree.

It might be well to advise the student that in nearly every manifestation there may be a *test* to see if you will stick to your guns. If I had failed to follow through on the ants, the entire manifestation would have been shattered. No matter *who* or *what* tries to make your manifestation fail, stand your ground! *One* with God is a majority! Stand fast and *know* that God wants you to be sure of yourself and of your decree. Only then will your manifestation become a reality.

On another occasion we met in a little celler flat to discuss God's immutable Laws. The housewife was troubled with insects. The basement was alive with them. We made our calls and the insects left. Where they went was not our concern. We were happy for the action of the Law.

Chapter VI

EPISODE OF THE CHAIRS

The Lord Buddha has said that we must not believe in a thing said merely because it is said; nor traditions because they have been handed down from antiquity; nor rumors, as such; nor writings by sages, because sages wrote them; nor fancies that we may suspect to have been inspired in us by a deva (that is in presumed spiritual inspiration); nor from inferences drawn from some haphazard assumption we may have made; nor because of what seems an analogical necessity; nor on the mere authority of our teachers or masters.

But we are to believe when the writings, doctrine, or saying is corroborated by our own reason and consciousness. "For this, I taught you not to believe merely because you have heard, but when you believed of your consciousness, then to act accordingly and abundantly."

—Secret Doctrine

And Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

Saint John 8:32

Traveling from city to city and some towns as I did, trouble was often experienced in obtaining accomodations. Correspondence was carried on with local people who were requested to arrange for all accomodations—lecture hall, hotel rooms for myself and staff and the necessary furniture for the hall, the lighting and so forth. These were often a source of annoyance, as anyone who has lectured and traveled will understand.

After a time the momentum of our affirmations and decrees for the perfect places to lecture became a source of intense gratitude on my part to the Presence of Life. On this particular occasion, however, we were new to some of the problems which beset the individual who has to have the special specifications which we demanded for our meetings.

Suffice it to say that we were dealing with an organization which was kindly enough disposed to rent us one of their halls. The hall was to hold one hundred and twenty-five people. In this instance, folding chairs were provided to seat that many persons. My lectures began on Friday afternoon and were to continue for twenty lectures. This brought our last and closing lecture on a Sunday evening.

The other halls in the building, as it chanced, were all rented. It appeared that whatever the affairs and occasions, all chairs possible to obtain in the building were put to use and more could conveniently have been placed, so that when the superintendent of the building looked in on my first Friday afternoon session he noted that not all the chairs were in use.

Now, to further explain how our meetings progressed I must digress a moment. We opened our ten-day class on a Friday afternoon, at which time there were perhaps only half of the chairs occupied. In the evening class perhaps only three-fourth of all the chairs were occupied. Saturday afternoon the attendance was slightly better than the previous day, and that night there was a slight increase over the attendance of the previous night. By Sunday, however, the hall, which was smaller than was generally used for our meetings, left us with only standing room.

To return to our narrative: The Superintendent of the building looked in on Friday afternoon and again on Saturday afternoon. At the time I attached no importance to his visit, thinking only that he was kind to drop in and see how we were doing. As it turned out, however, he ordered the janitor to remove some of our chairs to another hall where additional seats were required.

After our Saturday afternoon session I tried to see the Superintendent but learned that his office was closed for the week-end and that he had left an hour or so before to go fishing up in the northern part of the state. So I returned to my hotel rooms to relax and refresh myself for the evening class.

For some reason I could not concentrate on my meditations. No matter what I tried to do, it seemed futile. So I asked the Presence, "What is it; what do you want me to do?"

I don't believe I heard the voice of The Presence, yet I was impelled to go back to the hall, and I obeyed. And lo and behold, the entrance doors were folded back to their utmost and the janitor had removed one-third of our chairs! In addition, he was in the process of taking more.

"Just what are you doing?" I asked.

He looked at me and replied, "I have orders to take half of your chairs for another meeting—better attended than yours are."

"Oh no you don't," I said; "I shall need those chairs tonight."

"The Super. told me," the janitor insisted, "that your meetings were only about half attended and we need these chairs in the other hall."

"Wait a minute," I requested, and I tried to explain how our attendance was always smaller in the afternoons. I also explained how the attendance built up during the ten days. "Furthermore," I said, "We rented this hall because we couldn't get the larger hall, and our contract calls for one hundred and twenty-five chairs."

The janitor had work to do and was not in a mood to listen to reason. He replied, "I've got my orders; you'll have to argue it out with the Super!" My explanation that the Superintendent had gone to the lakes up north to fish over the week-end were of no avail. What was I to do? Did any of you who have had the opportunity to lecture ever try to talk to a group of people in a hall minus chairs? Obviously something had to be done and that quickly—but what! Apparently it was futile to argue with a man who had received his orders from his employer. Furthermore, the janitor was obdurately intent on completing his task so that he could go home.

I went to the Superintendent's office but, of course, he was not there. It occurred to me to talk to my Presence about the matter. The office, being quiet and deserted by all but myself—(and The Presence), I began: "I thank Thee, beloved Presence, for having directed me over here. But what am I to do? Thou knowest, Thou art the doer, these are Thy meetings and Thy children, whom Thou hast directed here. Then take command! Transcend this seeming obstacle into an Ascended Master miracle of Peace and Perfection and see that I am free from further disturbances!"

Upon leaving the office to return to my hotel, I once more met the janitor—this time *returning* chairs to our little hall! His manner was that of one whose orders have been countermanded.

"Thank you for returning our chairs," I said to him, "but why are you doing this for us?

"Too d--n many bosses around here," he replied; then an incredulous look came over his face as he muttered, more to himself than to me, "An angel, that's what it was, an angel! My GOD!"

Far be it from me to try to explain who or what had appeared to the janitor or what had been said to him. All that I cared about was that God had *filled full*—fulfilled—my decree. Our chairs were returned, our meetings went on; and the chairs remained in our hall during the balance of our classes. My business was to *accept* the manifestation as God-given. It might be said that the janitor was kindly-intentioned toward us, but nothing would move him to relate what had transpired after my decree and during the visitation he doubtless had had.

Our instruction informed us to accept all decrees *as fulfilled* when uttered, thereby cancelling the need for countless repetitions lest we negate our own requests. "Before ye call I will answer." (Isaiah 65-24). There are exceptions to this I should say, when, in my first episode I felt that I had not asked correctly to have the horse turned about. Also, where too much negative thought and feelings abound. Then, repeat your decree once, *with feeling.* (See Matthew 6-7).

Be sure to remember, "The Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace." (Exodus 14-14).

Chapter VII

EPISODE OF TIME AND SPACE

"I AM" neither man nor angel. "I AM" neither birthless nor deathless. "I AM" neither concerned with anger nor woe nor pain nor pleasure. "I AM" boundless and sexless. "I" have all knowledge; understand all mysteries; contain all wisdom and express all love. "I AM" absolute; my son, "I AM" he who created all.

—Selected

Believest thou not that I am in the father, and the father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the father that dwelleth in me. He doeth the works.

—Saint John 14:10

It may be that this episode will be difficult for the average student to understand—Time and Space! Could it be understood by the student that with God all things are possible? (Matthew 19:26).

Time is possible to overcome. Revelation says, in 10:6, that "There should be Time no longer." Now let there be time for whatsoever is required. And by the same token let time be no longer when it is a barrier. Joshua (10:13) commanded the sun and moon to stand still.

What wrong could there possibly be in having the elements of time and space held in abeyance until we accomplish that which may be good for us and for others? I quote a passage from "The Lost Prince" which has been used to great advantage by my students and by myself: "Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image thou wouldst desire to see become a truth. Meditate only upon the wish of thy heart, seeing first that it is such as can wrong no man

and is not ignoble. Then will it take earthly form and draw near to thee."

My day was a full one. In the morning I had people to interview, in the afternoon a class to attend, in the evening a special group to meet with and to arrange for another class. It was to be formed in a suburb of Chicago, north of Evanston. The morning passed on into the afternoon and I found myself at the class on the extreme south side of Chicago. The events which came about were forced, we might say, because of the interest during and after the class.

I came to realize with a start that I had to meet one of my students down town at the North Shore Station at 5:05. It was after four, and the trip on the street cars would take over one hour. However, I could not get there until I started, could I? So I boarded a north-bound car.

An affirmation came to me and it seemed to sing in my heart. My decree was, "I AM before Time was, and I AM after Time ceases!"

Dismounting at the Illinois Central tracks, I asked the ticket agent when the next train was due for down-town Chicago. The exact time eludes me now, but suffice it to say that the next train would not get me there on time. What to do! Take a taxi to the main line of the road? Yes, that would do it and suiting the action to the words, I taxied to the main line. But there again—no train was due that could possibly get me down town before 5:20 — fifteen minutes late and five minutes to walk—fast walking—to Adams and Wabash.

At that instant it was patent to me that I had made every effort possible. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," so I called to God, "Great Presence of Life, I've done all I know how to do; now do Thou take command!"

"Wait," said the Voice, and I waited.

A special train came, but did not stop. However, it was followed by another and this one did stop but passengers were not allowed to board. "Why did it stop if not for me?" I asked.

In reply, a set of doors slid open and I entered. The conductor said, "We stopped for you!" I laughed and went in and sat down, pondering deeply as to whether he was told by some means known only to God to stop for me or whether he was kidding me. What does it matter? I was on the train and it would get me down town—to Vanburen Street and Michigan, at 5 p.m.

I still had to hurry to get to the North Shore depot and up to the train which ran on the elevated tracks. When I arrived, breathless, that train was just leaving and I had to make another decree that I be permitted to be a passenger. "God in Heaven," I cried, "You didn't set aside Time and Space for me just to let me get stranded here on the "L" platform—stop that train and let me ride!"

The train slid to a stop, the doors opened, I entered the last coach and found my student and friend!

I assure you my gratitude to God was great, for there, indeed, was a miracle! Who among my readers would say, "Oh, that was just a coincidence!"

There is no time in God—only the Present, (or the Presence), and I was on His errand. Yes, I was on my Father's business!

I used that affirmation many times after that, and I know of students who use it with marvelous results—

I AM before Time was and I AM after Time ceases!

PREFACE

These experiences are written with one idea in mind and only one. To help those seekers who cannot be reached in any other way.

In my travels there were many people who came asking for my experiences in printed form. It may be well to inform the reader that these experiences took place in many cities, towns and villages, from coast to coast and Gulf to lakes. It is also true that there are many, many episodes that are not set down within these covers.

It is true that there are many teachers. It is equally true that there are many modes of instruction. If the truths herein recorded do not always comply with your previous way of thinking and believeing, let it pass. If the words and expressions do not meet with your preconceived opinions, let that pass also. Ask the Christ-self to reveal to you the kernel of the Truth—and forget the husks.

It would be folly for me to try to make you believe that these experiences are the last word in Truth. By the same token, do not believe that you are privileged to contain the last word in Truth. Only The Christ in you is the last word and the last resort.

It is my earnest wish and my great desire to reach out to people whose hearts hunger for assistance. If these episodes can aid you in any way, my reader, then my work will have its reward. For my part, I am grateful to Light, to Life and to LOVE, for the opportunity of setting them down and sending them forth with a prayer and a blessing to those who can use them. So be it!

—William J. Cassiere

FOREWORD

To the individual who has not looked for miracles about him in his daily experiences, these may sound fantastic. But when we consider that the average individual can pass a house or store two or more times a day in going back and forth to his labors without being able to describe it or to tell just where in the block it is located, even if he is able to recall that there *is* such a place in the block, is just as fantastic to those of us who do notice, register and mentally index these things in what is called by some the *photographic mind.*

It's all in the training, yet let me make another simile: In Court, testimony was being heard in connection with a machine which was able to direct impulses but which a group of individuals was trying to stop by labeling it as a fraud. The expert testifying was questioned and cross-questioned by the opposition attorneys until at last a question was answered in such a way as to bring forth a claim for the machine which had not yet been implied.

"Well," snorted the lawyer, "that's a new angle, yet you know, Mr. H., that what you say is impossible, don't you?"

Mr. H., the electrical wizard and expert, replied, "No, I don't know it is impossible, but I do know that this machine is capable of doing what I have said it would because I, personally, worked with the inventor on this machine after it was marketed and we tested it out. Further, Mister Attorney, I know you are an educated man, a lawyer, a man who has specialized in Law. I, too, have studied and am considered by my associates to be an expert in electronics; so I would not venture to step into your field to argue with you on points of Law; but you, a lawyer, presume to tell those whose years have been devoted to the intricacies of electronics and electricity that something they know is true and possible is not so because it is beyond your field of understanding, despite your education in your own field. You cannot accept it as true because you have not been educated in the underlying truths and principles of electricity and electronics, that is all. If you had been associated with the field of electronics your basic principles of education would have been bent that way; your reasoning brain would understand and hence accept these truths you've just heard."

Now, more—much more—went on in that court room, but the point, I believe, is clear: "Don't be *down on* what you're not *up on.*" Too many people pass snap judgment on things they know nothing about. Just because you do not understand a thing when it is first brought to your attention does not mean at all that it is not true. People often mistake *opinion* for *knowledge.* Jesus performed miracles because He knew the Spiritual Laws governing such possibilities. Chemists are miracle workers, doctors are miracle workers, electricians are miracle workers even as *you* are a potential miracle-working person. Yes, you are! Know the Law and it works for you! Sometimes, if you have enough *faith,* it will work for you anyhow whether you know the Law or not. Jesus said, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find knock, and it shall be opened unto you." ASK, SEEK, KNOCK. Now take the first letter of each of these three words, you have *ASK!* Well, whom do we ask? "Ask God," is the reply. You may ask *persons* until you are blue in the face and receive nothing. But, "Whatsoever ye ask of *ME, BELIEVING,* that shall ye receive!" (Mark 11-24). *Me* is GOD. "I AM THAT I AM! This is my name forever; this is my testimony unto all generations." (Exodus 3:14-15).

It is the common belief that the age of miracles passed with the era of Jesus. This is positively not true. Today is an age of miracles even in your own experience. Everyone who lives and breathes today has witnessed, heard of or experienced a miracle in some form or other. Some of my readers will acknowledge many. It all lies in your ability to accept God's works, either as a co-incidence or as a sign. It is up to you to accept or reject—as you see fit.

Once in Waco, Texas I was impelled to remark, to a group to whom I was talking, of the many beautiful things that God had wrought for those of us who were present or who had been present on my previous visits. One individual present at the gathering was loathe to accept the "happenstances" as miracles. "Rather," said this hard boiled business man, "those things are just co-incidences."

"Yes, I agree with you," I said, "and let me tell you of some of them." So I told of some of those experiences which came to my mind and the individuals those co-incidences co-incided with. I can only say to that type of individual, "God bless you on your unbelieving way." But we who love to have God in our lives will go on decreeing and affirming, praying and thanking Him for the marvelous co-incidences we are having.

No matter what your religious beliefs are, God is no respecter of labels or affiliations. He requests that you "Ask me of things to come and concerning the works of my hands command ye me." (Isaiah 45:11). "Before ye call I will answer." (Isaiah 65:24). "Thou shalt decree a thing and I will fulfill it." (Job 22-28). "Call unto me and I will answer thee." (Jeremiah 33:3).

The incidents related began when, as a student of the Laws of Life, I began the deeper application of Truth in my daily experiences. I had studied metaphysics with several schools but, like most students, I had just talked it—didn't use it; so I found that talk is cheap. Yet Jesus said, "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matthew 12-37).

In 1933—January it was—I began to affirm and visualize, to ask and decree in earnest. All these miracles began to happen about that time—and they have continued until this day. No daily records were kept but as I taught the Law to others and the incidents unfolded in city after city about the country, from coast to coast, I believe that many of the students involved will recognize the facts herein related. Dates and places are not always mentioned nor are the names of persons or students who were sometimes involved as spectators.

It would be an almost impossible task to secure permission from each and all the persons to use their names and ask the right to tell of their part in these miracles. Then it devolves upon me to protect those who would prefer not to be publicized and to proceed further in the belief of the Miracle-working Presence and Power by relating them in the impersonal, barring myself, with few exceptions, leaving out the names, dates and places where they occurred for their benefit. Suffice to say that these incidents all took place in the good old United States of America since 1933. While these that I have used are only a fraction of the number which did occur, we are hoping they will be an inspiration to the many individuals who, perhaps, have been too timid heretofore to try to gain such experiences for themselves. Let me give you my hand in the days ahead, for even as God has said, "Call unto me and I will answer." Even *I* say, "Fear not; follow thou the Law."

If you look to me, a human being, can I fail you? Nay, it will be my pleasure to aid and comfort you in the understanding of "The Light." To some this may sound presumptuous; to others it may appear as an open door. My great desire is that it will be for you, as for me, the Dawn of Glory.

—William J. Cassiere

MIRACLES OF TODAY

Chapter I

EPISODE OF THE HORSE

"Accept nothing that is unreasonable; discard nothing as unreasonable without proper examination."

Buddha.

Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.

St. John 11:41-42.

The very next day after my contact with the "Dawn of Glory" I was debating with myself about the possibility of the things I had heard from my Beloved Teacher, my mind (doubting Thomas) saying, "No, it isn't possible," while my heart sang the refrain over and over and over again—"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the Glory of the Law."

The processes which one goes through during this mental debate with the love and desire in your heart for the "White Light" are many and varied. I had been instructed to silence the doubts and accept the power of the God Presence — the I AM — if I expected to get results. Therefore I proceeded to do just that.

The argument in my mind was terrific. Yet I heard myself say, "All right, why don't you try it out for yourself?" And I replied, "Okay, I will!"

It was a typical mid-western winter day. Snow had fallen continuously since the night before and a record fall had tied up city traffic; 63rd Street was minus its usual street cars — they were stalled or had been called in. Snow plows had been put into action, yet traffic was almost unable to move, so heavy was the fall and the snow was still falling. What added to the confusion was the wind, which whipped up the hard flakes and seemed to hurl them with demoniac force into our faces. I huddled back into a doorway to wait, not knowing that the street cars had stopped running more than an hour before.

Across the street a horse was neighing and pawing the pavement — or rather the ice which had been formed by the encrusted snow upon the pavement. My attention was called to the gusts of wind that repeatedly swept with even greater force on that side of the street and hurled a gusto of hard, biting flecks into the teeth of the patient animal, who, while he complainingly neighed and pawed, yet remained loyal to his post — a milkwagon hitched behind him.

I don't pretend to recall the exact words which made up the vigorous debate which took place between my mind and my heart, yet I do recall the statement of Jesus the Christ, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, BELIEVING, that shall ye receive." So, I began to reason with Jesus, saying, as though He were visible to my outer senses, "Jesus, my friend said that you would do anything I ask, so I want proof. Turn that horse about so that he faces the other way. Don't you see how unfairly the animal has been treated; how the wind and snow cut into him? Turn him around, I say. Let's see one of those miracles!"

Well, nothing happened. My reason said, "See! It didn't work." But my heart reasoned differently and I felt a pang of remorse at having talked as I did. I began again: "Forgive me for being so cocky but you know how it is — the whole world wants to believe in their hearts but their heads get in the way." So I went to the other extreme and pleaded, begged, almost sobbed, "Please, Jesus, I'm sorry for that horse; please turn him around, won't you? Please!"

Still nothing happened and the argument which took place in my mind was like the bombardment of modern armies during a battle — ten shells going overhead to the enemy's placements; ten coming back; 100 going over, 100 coming back; 1,000 over, 1,000 back; bullets and cries and curses, rising to a pitch and crescendo that ended abruptly when I commanded aloud, "Peace, be still!" My Tower of Babel collapsed and my pride miserably wounded, my vanity punctured; I noticed a man who had stepped into the same doorway with me, looking at me searchingly, curiously, then hastily departed. I had not been aware of another person in the doorway at all. When he had stepped into that temporary haven I had not known; but he left no doubt by his looks as he left that he thought I was crazy.

Well, I reviewed again what my teacher had said: "There are rules and they must be followed. If you don't apply them correctly you get only half results or none at all, according to your application." Once again I remembered, "Your Word is your Wand!" (by Florence Scoville Shinn), so I began again. "God, Thou Mighty Presence of Life, release Thy Love and Thy Light, cause that horse to be relieved from the vicious and cutting wind and snow, turn him around. I know and thank Thee that Thou hearest me always and now, O Holy Father, release whatever power is required to relieve this creature from somebody's carelessness!"

I counted ten and looked. Still nothing had happened. I was thoroughly disgusted yet within me I felt there was somewhere in my application something I had failed to do — something I had left undone. In my disgust I said to myself, "All right, doggonit, I'll turn that horse around myself even if I get punched in the nose for it!"

At that instant the driver of the horse and wagon seemed to burst from the Cafe across the street as though the doors of the place would be hurled into the street. He seemed to jump — yes, to *sail* into the wagon, took the reins then recalling the check weight that restrained the horse, bounded out again, released the weight, took the horse's strap and led him gently around the corner and covered him with a blanket. Then he returned to the Cafe and finished his dinner.

It was interesting to note that the horse was now facing *south* instead of east into the face of the storm, and on the protected side of the street.

Immediately I thanked God and yet, I wondered why the decree had not worked sooner. Later, on relating the incident to my beloved teacher, he reminded me that until I had released the *feeling* co-incident with the declaration that I'd do it myself, it could not have had immediate completion. Remember that your prayer, affirmation or decree must have love or feeling or energy released to complete the action.

I am still grateful for my first great miracle under my new instructor—"Clothe the decree with your positive feelings and God never fails!"

Chapter II

EPISODE OF THE MOTHS

Isn't it strange that princes and kings
and clowns that caper in sawdust rings
And common folks like you and me
Are builders of eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools—
A shapless mass and a book of rules;
And each must make, ere life is flown,
A stumbling-block or a stepping stone!

R. L. Sharpe

Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?

—Mark 4:40

It was Spring; a very wet and soggy spring. My cottage at Cedar Lake was situated, for the time being, in a quagmire. The road, which had been merely a mud path through the field, had seemingly disappeared. My quiet cottage was not within a subdivision with well macadamed roads—not even with gravel paths. In fact, it was a half-mile or more from the Lake and I contented myself with being on the shoulder of a ravine through which, usually, there trickled a small stream—now a raging torrent. Our peaceful little brook was now swollen with seasonal rains, although *that* spring the rains were unusually heavy.

The screens on the cottage had weathered more seasons than such materials were ever meant to stand for; in fact, they were now moth-eaten, rust-eaten or is "flea-bitten" a better term?

The reason I call your attention to the screens and the screened-in porch is because they provided no protection during such weather but rather became further depleted and hung in their frames like old lace, tattered and full of holes.

They could not be repaired; my landlord had said, "Later on I'll get new ones for you."

Meanwhile the insects, especially mosquitos, June bugs and moths, made the most of the situation. My cottage evidently was their Convention Headquarters, so when I returned from town, they took further advantage of the lights, swarming about in such masses that they almost obscured the lights altogether. My one solace was that, while they seek *the light* they destroy themselves in the use of it. Yea, even the black forces use it—the Light—destructively—and so become engulfed and destroy themselves by the very poor power they misdirect.

These thoughts may be a solace of sorts but it does not lessen one's disgust at finding himself in the midst of a Bug Convention, when the pests persist in getting into things and places where they are not wanted—like ears and eyes and mouth and hair *and* food!

On the evening in question they even got *under my skin,* as the saying goes, and I complained rather bitterly to my teacher when next I went to class. That beloved person smiled at me cryptically and replied with amused tolerance, "Better do something about that!"

When I returned to my cottage that night and turned on the lights, lo—not a bug put in an appearance! My teacher had known what to do and had done it! Believe me, I thanked my God Presence for the fulfillment of that decree!

Now, it is one thing to have a manifestation made for you and quite another to do it yourself—and to sustain it—especially if you have talked and boasted about it, thus diminishing your forces! Jesus says, "Tell no man!" This is an admonition to tell God, not man. Rather, *thank God* and tell no man!

Well, in my exuberance over the victory over the pests in the cottage and to show those of my scoffing friends and acquaintances how great and beautiful was The Law, I made the fatal mistake of talking—yea, boasting—of it. One friend decided to return to the cottage with me, for he had half a mind to join this group under my teacher. Also, he wanted to see results for himself.

When he saw the delapidated condition of the screens, he mentioned them.

All the way from the city to the Lake we had talked on various subjects, as friends do; yet at intervals I silently gave thanks that The Light which had so loveingly brought about my "miracle" would be sustained.

My friend sat in my living room and read "The Life and Teachings of the Masters", by Spaulding, while I became absorbed in "Dweller on Two Planets". The night was stuffy, so I opened the windows and the front door. "Better have moths than swelter," I thought, yet at the same time I thanked God and decreed that He sustain the Light Screen which kept them out. Asking forgiveness for any doubts in my consciousness (which were as the holes in my screens!), I returned to my book and was soon absorbed. My friend, however, kept looking about the room as though he were pondering what he read, though in an abstract way. I noticed this action, yet didn't record it to the extent that it interfered with my interest in the book which held my attention so powerfully.

After an hour or more my friend gazed about the room again, and triumphantly announced that there was a moth, a big one, ONE MOTH!

May God, whom I believe laughs at our miserable use of His great Laws, forgive us for criticizing Him! ONE MOTH instead of a thousand and we point at it with fiendish glee and say, "Look, God, you didn't do a good job, ONE MOTH GOT THROUGH!"

So, in order that that part of the human would be silenced forever and to acknowledge God as the miracle-working Presence which makes no mistakes, I said with considerable feeling, "Thou Great, Grand Architect of the Universe—God—I thank Thee for Thy manifestation in which only one moth remains in this house! But my friend here is troubled tonight over the ONE as I was several nights ago over a million—more or less; *You* take command. If Thy Power be great enough to take care of the many, reveal to him that it can also take care of the one; So be it!"

My friend watched that moth circle the light once more and then settled down on the hem of the curtain, just where it was fastened to the top of the window. There it remained, while I pretended to be absorbed in my book but in reality decreeing with all the feeling at my command. But he couldn't resist the human impulse of reminding me that the moth was still in the house.

From within me came a deep *knowing* and I asked him to remove it or chase it out. My friend took hold of the curtain and shook it but instead of flying away, the moth fluttered to the floor, its wings crumbling to pieces as it fell. He remarked, "That's funny, it's dead!".

There is nothing funny about it at all. God's Laws are immutable, unalterable, unchangeable and eternal. They work—if you do your part. If you expect God to do something—"Ask, and ye shall receive." Do not for an instant permit yourself to believe that God does anything by halves. If He gets rid of the bugs, He gets rid of them *all,* not just half, nor yet all but one! That one moth was a doubt through which the entire manifestation could have been shattered. By my stand of persistance, He took charge and the manifestation was then complete. Stand with God! One—with God—is a majority!

Chapter III

EPISODE OF THE STORM

And they came to him, and awoke him, saying, master, master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the waters; and they ceased, and there was a calm.

And he said unto them, where is your faith? and they, being afraid wondered, saying to one another, what manner of man is this! For he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him.

—Luke 8:24-25

And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

—Exodus 14:21

It may be well to relate another miracle which took place with the same friend mentioned in Episode II.

As told in that Chapter, the rains were exceptional that spring. My car was old, but faithful to the love I had lavished upon it and during the storm it never faltered, even when it became necessary to slow down to ten miles an hour. The rain beat upon the windshield with such fury that I could scarcely see the road. We had to watch carefully or we might make a wrong turn or pass our cross road. Lightning flashed almost incessantly, really obscuring our way rather than illumining it. It often made an outline about a signboard, farm house or other wayside object seem grotesque, after which the darkness would engulf us in deeper gloom than ever.

The hour was late, and only those travelers were abroad who found it imperative to continue on their way, so we met comparatively few cars on the road. Those we did meet seemed for the moment, like a friend one chances to meet in an out-of-the-way place. But as soon as they passed, the encircling blanket of darkness became so heavy that our headlights failed to penetrate it for more than a few yards.

My friend and I had talked of the White Light and the Laws of Life but on our three-hour trip our conversation first lagged, then subsided altogether—and my friend slept. To keep myself awake and to overcome the monotony of the seeming sameness of the miles, I decreed and affirmed silently that the rain would cease when we reached our destination, at least until ye could get into the house. "After that, let it continue or not as it chooses," I added.

It rains on the just and the unjust alike I remembered. Yet, I also remembered, if one knows God's Laws and works with them, the Deva of the storm will work with you, even as other of God's forces serve you when you love them enough and will make themselves your servants. The inhabitants of the elements (little elementals) are conscious beings albeit not human. Nor do they have bodies like humans, rather, the substance of their bodies is etheric, not dense as in the human body. They respond to *love* and by love I mean an element which is different and greater that the three little words which we humans use to gain physical ends. The love of which I speak is a force, a substance—tangible—a power to direct by the conscious will of the person using it. Love is like electricity and can be generated at will. Use it!

It is said that a young man wrote and asked Thomas A. Edison what electricity was. Mr. Edison replied, "Electricity IS; USE IT!" So I say to you, LOVE IS; USE IT!

So I sent forth a generating cloud of this Love, so to speak, to the little inhabitants of the elements.

When we arrived at home, the closest place to my cottage, where the car could be safely driven through the downpour, was about half a block. That meant that if my decrees—the Love I had directed to the elementals—had not reached

believe, thou shouldst see the Glory of God?" (St. John 11-40).

What if Jesus had been afraid before the tomb of Lazarus? No! Let us rather so LIVE and so ACT that the Light can flow through us to fulfill the destiny of the Children of Light.

It comes to me that the sinister forces can project their mental power upon innocent people. A Hitler was able to subject millions to his will, wrong though it was. Yet we quail at the seeming failure of our first attempt to do good. Why? Is it human nature? Persist in well-doing no matter if the heavens fall. Don't give up. Meditate on that which you are trying to accomplish. Turn it over well in your mind. It is ignoble? Is it reasonable? If you feel that it is acceptable to God and man, then stick to it. It is better to make a mistake in asking wrongly than to do nothing at all. A coward is a coward to God and man. Even people say of one who errs, "Oh well, he meant well, we'll excuse him." Remember, "to err is human, to forgive, Divine." Just don't make a habit of excusing yourself after erring intentionally, that's all.

So, to make the point, I led the class that day in a decree for rain. — "Mighty I AM Presence, release rain sufficient to fill the reservoirs full to overflowing. We thank Thee it is done."

During the afternoon class, the city cooled off noticeably and dark clouds formed over the mountains about the city. After the session was finished we went about our business as usual. Later, the afternoon papers revealed that a cloudburst in the mountains had filled the reservoirs and the drought was over.

So, praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Chapter XIV

EPISODE OF THE DYING BOY

A perfect musician can only make imperfect music upon a defective instrument. And, likewise, God, acting through your conscience and reason can make only imperfect expressions in imperfect men.

—Will L. Garver, in
Brother of the Third Degree.

Jesus said unto her, "I AM the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

St. John 11:25, 26.

This episode, like some others, is hard to comprehend. When one finds a subject which is hard to assimilate and digest, rather than say to yourself, "Oh, that's impossible," deliberate a moment on the words of the Scriptures — "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Deliberation is good. Contemplation also is good. Fasting and prayer with deliberation is better. If done correctly. Jesus often betook Himself to the mountains to fast and to pray with the Father in secret. He was rewarded openly. Ponder on this.

The boy of whom we speak was young. If we recall it correctly his age was eighteen or thereabouts. His age was in his favor. Youth is resilient. The word we received, however, was that he had been given up and that only death could release his sufferings.

I was called to his bedside by his grief-stricken parents. They had just recently lost another boy. Their pleading to me was heart breaking. I requested that everyone leave the

room. They did so but left the door ajar. I closed it.

Human nature is such that if his life depended on the closed door remaining closed, the dying boy would have severed the silver cord and released himself. Luckily this was not the case, however, as we soon ascertained.

I started my calls to the Father to enfold and protect me and to see that I did not ask amiss. Then I began my call as Jesus did at the tomb of Lazarus, finishing with, "and now, Oh Mighty Presence of Life, look into this boy's heart, read the record there and if it be that he must be taken, then see that it is accomplished without pain or distress. Alleviate the pain in the hearts of his parents, replacing it with Thy Love and Peace. If, on the other hand, Great Masterful Presence, this boy can be restored to the heart of his home in perfect health and peace, wilt Thou do it? I ask this in the name and by the power of my Ascended Jesus-Christ Self."

When I had come to that part of my prayer, 'Look into this boy's heart', his parents could not resist the impulse — opened the door softly and tiptoed to the bedside and wept, even while I prayed.

When I had finished my decree, the boy looked up at his parents, for he had regained consciousness during my visit in his room. He listened a moment to their weeping then gently took his mother's hand and said, "Don't cry; I'll be all right — didn't you hear the prayer? Well, I'm going to be okay!"

And he *was* all right in a very short time.

So, once again I can quote Jesus' words in John 11:40, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the Glory of God?"

Chapter XV

THE YOUNG COUPLE AND THE NEW CAR

What a man thinks he becomes, saith the ancient axiom. Whoso thinketh deeply on the Christ within, cannot help but take on Christian attributes. But I say unto you that most Christians are adulterers in more ways than one and to call yourself a Christian or to have another call you such, does not make it so. Only one thing can make a man a Christ man and that is living it to the hilt. The rules are found only by thinking deeply on the Christ within.

—Brother Bill

"There shall no straw be given you, yet ye shall make bricks without straw.

(Exodus 5:18).

A young couple came to me in one of my classes, asking for a decree to assist them in getting a new car.

"We want a perfect car as you express it, Brother Bill, not like the one you told the class about that was always out of order although it was a new car. We will not be able to get it for six months, we want to pay cash for it. Our idea is to get a new car but you could aid us in our desire and see that nothing interferes, so that we can have it for our vacation next summer."

"Very well," I said to them and gave this decree; "Great Presence of Life and Light, release to us the perfect car at the perfect time and at the perfect price. We thank thee, Beloved, and accept."

The following week the couple returned. They were at variance in their ideas on the perfect car. It seemed that one preferred a Chevy and the other preferred a Ford.

"Now look, you kids, make up your minds! Besides, you asked God for a perfect car, so why not leave the *make* of

the car up to Him as He knows what car you should have," I suggested.

"Well," they countered, "we can't afford a car out of that price range but neither can we agree on the make."

"Why ask Him at all then if you are going to take it out of His hands? Now I suggest that you wait and see what He will do. I further suggest that you keep up your decree once a day and keep your human hands off. Forget your choice, both of you, and let Him decide on the make and the model."

"How can we know which car will be the perfect car?" they asked. "Do not worry about that. You will know because when the Father selects the perfect car for you, it will be perfect. In addition, He will direct it to you in such a manner that there will be no mistake about it. So rest at peace."

The couple came to class regularly and I inquired from time to time as to their progress. Their savings account was growing week by week. The car was getting to seem closer and closer to an accomplished fact. What is more, they had decided to leave all in the hand of God.

Finally, one day after class, they told me of their remarkable success. The story follows: One of the salesmen, employed by the same company as the young man, was being transferred to a different branch. The new position did not require a sales car for traveling. He had been paying on a new Dodge to be delivered in thirty days. His equity in the Dodge was five hundred dollars. He would sell it for three hundred cash. "If you want the Dodge, act quick, for I must leave here this week end. What I do must be done quickly," he explained.

The young man countered with, "My wife and I will be at your house tonight. We will have your answer and the cash if we decide to take the Dodge."

That night all arrangements were made and the transfer of the equity was agreeable to the dealer. The young couple now had a car in the next price range. They had it at the same price to them that they would have paid for a Ford or a Chevy. What is more, the car performed beautifully. It was their perfect car.

God works in wondrous ways His miracles to perform!

Chapter XVI

EPISODE OF THE VANISHING THEATRE

Remember, my son, that when your inner light begins to shine, it is necessary to keep up your "Christ Guard". Like the moths that are attracted to the light, they become so thick they, at times, obscure it; so too will the ones who have departed from this earth, at times come to bask in your radiance. With or without your knowledge they often obscure your light.
Then ask for the white light of the Christ to stand guard over you.

—Brother Bill

While ye have light, believe in the light that ye may be the children of light.

—St. John 12:36

This episode is perhaps the most unusual in its way of all that came into my experience. Yet, like all the others, the explanation is perfectly simple to God. As for myself, I cannot even attempt an explanation. Who am I that I should try? That it did happen, however, in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, I can attest. To this day I have not been able to account for this singular circumstance nor the fact that the theatre in which it happened disappeared from the block—or perchance from the face of the earth.

Who can question the works of God, who works in mysterious ways His miracles to perform?

Traveling as we did about the country, we would hear of certain movies that were along the lines of our trend of thought or that contained great truths and were valuable entertainment for the students. Such a picture, for instance, was Lost Horizon. Those that we heard of, in our traveling about, we made an effort to see in spite of the fact that

I often lectured afternoon and evening for ten days and then made one-day appearances in the smaller cities and towns until my next class of ten days.

On this occasion my class in the city was to commence in a few days. I took advantage of the opportunity to rest and recuperate and it was during such days of waiting that I sometimes enjoyed a good picture.

I had arrived late at the hotel the night before, consequently had slept later in the morning than usual. After a refreshing shower and shave I told my secretaries where I was going but that I might not return until about five in the afternoon when we could all go to dinner at the cafeteria.

I left for brunch and after a satisfactory repast, started to look about for an interesting movie.

About the second door from the cafeteria, on the opposite side of the street, was a small theatre. Ordinarily we do not go into the smaller picture houses because we usually found we had already seen the picture being shown there. In this instance, however, the picture was one on our list of 'by all means see this one!' The name of the picture was, I believe, 'Second Floor Back.'

Some pictures appeal so much that one cannot resist seeing it through to the end the second time if one has come in in the middle of the first run. I enjoyed the picture thoroughly and by the time I had seen the full run, the better to get some parts of it, it was time to get back to the hotel.

When I met with my workers and secretaries, I told them of having seen the picture and remarked that we might all profit by seeing it. "I could even see it again and enjoy it," I said.

"Let's go after dinner," someone suggested.

"It's a go," the others assented, so off we went—to dinner and then to see 'Second Floor Back'.

In a matter of moments we were in front of the building across from the cafeteria—but what was this? What had happened? The theatre was not a theatre at all but a store, 'closed for the day'! In all that block there was no theatre.

We looked on other streets—no theatre was showing 'Second Floor Back'. Finally we asked at another picture house and the manager there said there was no such picture showing at any theatre in the city of Cleveland. "Here's the list, look for yourself," he said and handed me the list. We appealed to the advertisements in the papers and finally to the Motion Picture Distributors' Association. There was no such picture showing, even in the suburbs.

Where had I spent the afternoon; how account for the fact that I could tell the story? How account for the fact that such a picture had been made? All of these questions remain unanswered. I only know I have met people who have had a similiar experience.

Chapter XVII

EPISODE OF THE HEALED ARM

If a man be not tried to the utmost, how shall the Gods or even he himself know what weaknesses are hidden and linger still in him?

If a man's steel be not tried in the fires of use, how can he know his own strength?

—Brother Bill

Then saith he to the man, stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth, and it was restored whole, like as the other.

Matthew 12:13

While I do not feel free to reveal the name of the city in which this episode took place, I *may* say that it was in one of our very large cities.

This part of the episode was revealed by subsequent events, the lady herself telling how she exchanged seats with another student, a friend who did not care to sit so far to the front.

The hall was small, the crowd large. Extra chairs were placed in front of the regular rows of seats to accomodate additional seekers. So many additional seats were placed that the knees of the people in the first row touched the edge of the platform.

Our lady who received the healing was seated in the center of the hall next to the wall. A friend who had one of the chairs directly in front of the platform felt that being placed so close to the lectern was objectionable; at any rate, she stood and looked about, saw this friend seated in the center, and suggested that they trade seats.

Our lady of the episode agreed to the exchange of seats and the change was quickly made. As I said before, this was revealed to me later when I heard the story of the healing, the exchange of seats having taken place before I came onto the platform. At any rate, the Great Law placed the two principal actors of the episode into their rightful places. She was in a front seat and I was on the platform.

Now, the lady had told no one of her need. Nor did I have any outer concept of her distress. It seems, according to her story, that she decided not to return that evening to the class and had prepared to do some preserving and canning.

During the process, something occurred to cause her to change her mind. In some way the boiling contents of a kettle were overturned upon her arm. The ensuing burns were serious and severe, as well as painful. Before the evening was spent she decided that it might be best to return to the class that night. "Besides," she told herself, "I might get a healing!"

She came to class, made the aforementioned exchange of seats, placing her in the front row of newly placed chairs and in the place where the healing might take place according to the plan of her Presence.

After our usual invocation to God and our song service, we proceeded with the evening's work. The Truth of the Light of God is varied. Many themes are possible but on that particular night, the lecture was on Eternal Youth and Health.

During the evening I accepted written questions and the one in particular with which we are concerned was from a gentleman whose baby had received injuries. The hand and arm, as I recall, had been caught in a piece of machinery and badly crushed.

"What would you suggest?" the question read; "what colors of rays would you use and how would you use them?"

My answer was in the manner of many Americans, who reply to a question with another question: "Which arm is it?"

"The right," was his reply.

Then I explained, "I'd raise my arms to the Great Light of the Presence and ask for its healing currents, then taking the right arm of the baby—like this (to illustrate how to go about the method of calling and manifesting a healing, I reached over to our lady of the healing, took her right arm and) "let it rest upon your left hand and arm, while with the right I would suggest that you image Jesus doing the work instead of yourself, gently stroking the arm, beginning at the shoulder and drawing your right hand over the arm and hand—over first, then under, carefully, so as not to hurt the arm nor pull on the arm or bandages which the doctor had placed thereon. First over, then under, about seven times. Then, go wash your hands."

Upon finishing I smiled at our lady, who turned on her heel and left the hall.

I forgot her promptly, refusing to be disturbed by anyone leaving. Sometimes people came great distances and had to leave early—before the class was ended—to catch a bus or train. I continued reading and replying to questions.

After the service was over and I had left the platform, my secretary told me the rest of the story. Did I remember the lady whose hand I had held and used for an illustration in answer to the question about the crushed arm of the baby? "Yes, I did," Did I know her arm had been severly burned that afternoon? "No." Did I know that she had left the hall? "Yes." Did I know that she had gone to the wash room, taken off her bandages and found her arm healed, with no signs of the burns left? "No, but I thank God for it!"

"I AM the Ascended Master Consciousness which Jesus the Christ attained and through that Consciousness I AM enabled to do the things He did and, with them, achieve my Ascension."

For this healing I can take absolutely no credit. I must assure all of you who read of it that I of myself can do nothing—but the Father doeth the works! So I thank God for whatever part I was permitted to play and Jesus the Christ for His aid. For He said, "I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." (John 11:22).

Chapter XVIII

EPISODE OF THE HEALING SUN

Have ye been chastened by man and circumstances? Have ye lived through trials and tribulations? Have ye thought at each turn 'This is to much, this is the end' and yet survived? Then on your knees, man, and thank God, for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

—Brother Bill

I have made the earth, and created man upon it: I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded.

Isaiah 45:12.

In a city where we had several marvelous classes the students were making wonderful progress in the use of the Law. One of these students, however had the misfortune to become ill enough to need the services of a surgeon. A decision was reached between the patient and the doctor in regard to the treatment necessary and if what seemed to be a growth did not give way, the only alternative would be an operation. The time limit was set, when I was asked to do whatever it was in my power to do.

I myself can do nothing. I AM the healer, "God is the Light." (I John 1:5). "While ye have Light, believe in the Light that ye may be the children of Light." (John 12:36). The sun of God is the Spiritual Sun. It is a great healing power. If the student will use it—visualize it—they will not need any other assistance. So, I asked my secretaries and the students who were present to visualize a rising sun at the patient's heart. "Then," I said, "when you are seeing it in full glory, like the sun at noon-day—rising, expanding until it is full size—that is, larger than and enveloping the patient—shining in all its grandeur—*then* visualize Jesus or any other Ascended Being appearing in its heart. He grows and expands His Light as the sun did, until His Light and the Spiritual Sun are one. He continues to expand until the sun IS His heart and the patient is bathed in the effulgence and the physical body is irradiant. Then, whatever growths or troubles, aches or pains that may be in the body are solved—*dis*solved if you please. All is well!

Some people close their eyes to visualize, I usually keep mine open. When I saw that we all had finished our meditations I gave a sign and we tip-toed out of the patient's room.

The next day my secretaries informed me that the swelling which had given no indication of abating or receding the night before, had broken that morning at daybreak. Then surgery was not required. A week later the patient, who had spent several weeks in great agony, was at home and in peace.

The next day we were called to visit a child in the same city. The child had a so-called contagious disease. The crisis had not yet been reached. This disease, it was said, often left complications in its wake—Would we work for the child?

It is my privilege and pleasure to work for God's children of Light. We repeated the instructions for the babe as we did for the adult with the growth, visualizing the heart as a Sun of Light, and expanding in Light and radiance until the sun is like the noon-day blaze. Then, imaging Jesus in the Sun's center, sitting on a throne. He arises, and as He does so, He expands—grows in stature, saying, "I AM no longer the babe of Christ; I AM now grown to full stature." So saying, He takes full command and the babe and the Sun disappear in His glorious radiance.

No need to tell the rest—the child lost all symptoms of the disease which threatened him and in a few days was well and at home again with Mommie and Daddy.

But unto you that fear My Name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings. (Malachi 4:2).

Chapter XIX

EPISODE OF THE ROOFING PAPER

The Eagle, from his lofty aerie, descends into the valley to procure food for his brood. A storm finds him unaware of the sudden gusts which taunt him. Does the trouble force the eagle to yield? Nay? He sets his wings so that each gust of the storm aids him to rise above the earth. Take the lesson, my son, from that bird and make yourself master over trouble rather than let trouble master you.

—Brother Bill

Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and His Maker, ask Me of things to come concerning My sons, and concerning the work of My hands command ye Me.

Isaiah 45:11

When I first started in the use of the Laws of Life, it was very marvelous to feel the expansion and progress that I was aware of making, in spite of all my errors.

Often one will word an affirmation negatively or use the Power wrong. But as in all things, one learns by experience.

Like most students who are beginning the use of the Law, they must learn when and where they may not interfere in another's world. Yet, when they are in the right, they have the power of the Universe at their command. The student is to be likened to a wave in the ocean. When the ocean is turbulent, the waves are of many shapes, sizes and powers. So, too, the student may feel that all beings are different, some using more power than others. The waves of the ocean are all a part of the great ocean yet individual in a sense. They come and they go. If they only realized it (had consciousness), they could have the power of the whole ocean behind them. So, too, the student of the Laws of Life. They are all a part of God, yet feel apart from God in consciousness. They come and they go like the waves of re-embodiment. Yet if they but knew it, they have the power of the entire Life-wave behind them to use as did Jesus and other teachers.

This episode took place in the home of my father, on the south side of Chicago. My father had suggested that I help him fix the roof. It had been newly tarred and graveled a short time before but a corner at one end had not been sealed properly. The result was that the wind had played havoc by ripping the tar paper and tossing it back and forth. At first it was only a small tear in the paper, later it was several large ones. Each time the wind caught it, flipping it back and forth, the gravel rattled on the roof and some went down on the porch and steps. One night it was quite windy. The rattling and flapping of the torn paper and the falling gravel was anything but conducive to good meditation. Mine was the back bedroom near the continuous grating and rattling and I could stand it no longer.

I jumped to my feet, called for Light and the Powers of Light (like Ayesha in Rider Haggard's book), "Great Presence of Life, release whatever Power of Light is necessary to take command of that roofing paper and place it in Divine order, seal it so that the wind and rain cannot affect it. I call the Powers of Light to release whatever power of Light is required to take command of this situation—right now!"

The wind died down in a few minutes and that stopped the flapping of the paper. With that, the stones stopped their rattling and falling and all was peace once more so I could continue my meditations.

Saturday afternoon I went up on the roof and found that the tears had been sealed.

Now, my father believed in God—in fact, was Treasurer for the Church to which he belonged—the French Evangelic Church of Chicago—but he was like so many other or-

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Chapter VIII

EPISODE OF THE NEW AUTOMOBILE

That which the mind refuses to accept, the body cannot long continue to express. This is one of the first laws of life. The body does not act of itself, but is acted upon like an instrument. Mind is the musician and is not all contained in the brain. Neither the intellect nor the brain is mind. "I AM" the mind.

—Brother Bill

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.

Saint John 15:7

As the lectures and classes progressed in one city, visitors from another town or city, sometimes in the same state, sometimes in another, would request our appearance in their community.

Much of the time my itinerary was made up for six months in advance—sometimes for a whole year. So, the best I could do for these extra requests was a one night stand or one afternoon and one night's lectures.

On this occasion a certain student requested my appearance in a city close enough so that we could go in their family car and return the same night, after the lecture. The students who were good enough to take me (as yet I had no car of my own), also decided to permit another student to make this trip to the city with us, to attend the lecture and return.

On the trip we talked of a number of things, relating especially to the higher laws, as students are wont to do. The countryside was beautiful and the air cool, for winter was almost upon us.

After we had driven for a few hours we stopped for lunch.

We would reach our destination about 1 o'clock; the lecture for the afternoon was scheduled for 1:30. I wanted, also, to freshen up a bit before appearing before a group of people.

We were soon on the road again. Just after we got started, we saw a new car pass us and the guest student suddenly waved a hand and pointed to the car, crying out in childlike acceptance and enthusiasm, "Mighty I AM Presence, that's the kind of a car I want!" As she made the decree she clapped her hands like a child at a puppet show. Her bouyant attitude, her delight at the sight of the car and finally her wholehearted, loving acceptance were a challenge unto all the forces of Nature to bring the car into manifestation for her use.

We all laughed at the way in which the incident occurred and I could only congratulate her, exclaiming, "Child of Light, when you make a statement with that natural feeling in it, you'll get your car. God could no more fail you than could the heavens fall this instant!"

We had our afternoon and evening lecture and that night returned to our base prior to moving on to our next ten-day class. During my next series of lectures I heard the balance of this episode—the fulfillment of that decree. It was in this manner:

It seems that this particular student had some friends—a man and his wife—who were talking over plans to purchase a new car. The man decided to get a new model for his wife and trade in her old one without her knowledge. His intention was to suprise her on her birthday. A previous business deal had left the car dealer indebted to this man and they decided to liquidate the debt, using the old car in the transaction.

When the husband drove into his driveway with the new car—pleased as Punch with himself—his wife saw the new car from an upstairs window of their home and was immediately displeased with the color and the model.

In the ensuing conversation the husband explained the business deal with the car company's representative, "And," he said, "I thought you would be pleased but if you do not like it, what am I to do—I can't take it back."

"I don't care what you do with it," responded his wife, just don't expect me to drive to the Country Club in that thing!"

So the man, in desperation, had a happy thought—"I'll drive it over to Mrs. Blank's—she has no car of her own to drive she'll be happy to accept it—I hope," he added ruefully.

When the gentleman with the car arrived at his destination, he wanted his friends to look it over carefully before he offered it. Mr. Blank had his own car, but Mrs. Blank was the student who had made the decree, "Mighty I AM Presence, that is the kind of car I want." This was that kind of a car, even to the color! The result was that he gave it to her as a glad free gift of love and purchased for his wife a new car of the make she preferred.

I should add here, for the benefit of the skeptic, that this man was not a student of our Laws, to the best of our knowledge, had not heard the decree made nor had he known of it, yet he fulfilled the decree.

God works in wondrous ways His wonders to perform. In my next chapter I'll tell you another story of an automobile—this time the *wrong* use of the Law.

Chapter IX

EPISODE OF THE BROKEN FENDER

Intellect is the machinery that makes it possible to absorb intelligence.

Many an individual is educated beyond his intellect. You are not educated when merely you are well schooled. You are truly educated only when you are enlightened by inner truth.

—Brother Bill

But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

—Matthew 12:36-37

Too many times people take themselves for granted. They use wrong phrases, they ask amiss, they ask and then take the wrong tangent, as though they were better able to do the thing themselves, rather than let go and let God!

When I say *people* I include myself, as this episode will readily show.

I had recently purchased a new car. It was one of those with long sweeping rear fenders. So far there were no scratches or bumps on the car and of course I was trying to keep it that way.

On one of our trips to the coast we stopped in a town in which there was a fairly new hotel. There we had a good night's sleep. In the morning we asked the clerk to recommend a good cafe. He directed us to one on the main street, several blocks away. After paying our bill we started for the cafe and asked The Presence for a perfect parking place.

We found the cafe all right, but in the block, which was a long one, we found no place to park. I was driving. I

turned a corner and found no place to park there either. I went all the way around the block and still no place to park. As I turned back onto the main street we found a spot, evidently vacated while we were driving around the block. Locking the car after parking, I asked for a wall of Light to protect it, for we had a good deal of equipment with us. Then we proceeded on our way down the long block to the cafe.

Arriving, we entered and found that the only available space was a table next to a window facing the street. We accepted and sat chatting while we waited for a waitress to take our orders. One came promptly and we ordered our breakfasts.

The cafe was filled to capacity; the waitresses were all busy and we considered ourselves fortunate in getting such good service.

At that moment a large truck which had been parked just in front of the cafe, pulled out, leaving a beautiful space—enough for parking two cars. On a sudden impulse I said to my companion, "Hold everything; I'll go get the car and park it up here!"

Fitting action to the words, I went out, walked the long block to the car, unlocked the door and started the motor. When I got back to the place where the truck had been I pulled up and started to back into the space.

Now I admit that I rather prided myself on knowing how to handle that car but, believe it or not, I had not noticed that in the space where I wanted to park my car there was a large pole just on the curb, leaving no space at all for the rear fender to extend over the curb and the edge of the sidewalk as is usual. Naturally, my new fender and the large pole collided. Net result—one badly bent fender!

When I heard the crash of the crumpling fender I stopped, pulled up and viewed the extent of the damage. My beautiful car! I finished the parking of it, went back into the cafe, got myself quiet and asked, "Mighty I AM Presence, why did that have to happen?" And The Presence answered, clearly and promptly, "You asked for a perfect parking place, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Well, I gave it, did I not?"

"Yes, but —"

I started to make excuses for myself.

"There are no 'buts'; when you saw the place in front of the cafe, you presumed to believe you could watch and protect your car better than I. Now, as a penalty for your presumption you may watch the crumpled fender for a time."

And so, I learned—the hard way. It was six weeks before I had an opportunity to have that fender straightened. This recalls a beautiful Statement of Truth from some ancient writing. I do not quote the author, nor the book, simply because I do not know the source. I do know it is beautiful and worth repeating. Here it is, presented as I recall it from memory:

"Stand aside in the coming battle, and though thou fightest, be thou not the warrior. Look for ME, and let me fight in thee. Obey my orders for battle. Obey Me as though I were thyself. My orders are thyself, for I *am* thyself, yet infinitely more than thee. Look always to Me, lest in the fervor of the battle thou pass Me and think that thou art the fighter. I will not know thee lest thou knowest Me, and knowing Me, look to Me for all good things. If thy cry cometh to me. Lo! I will fight in thee and will fill the void in thee. Then shalt thou be unwearied. Without Me thou shalt surely fail; with Me thou cannot fail, for I AM the *Presence!*"

Chapter X

EPISODE OF THE SICK MAN

Let him who stretcheth forth his hand to draw the lightning to his brother
Recall that through his own soul and body will pass the bolt! —The Lost Prince

"And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."
—Isaiah 65:24

God works in mysterious way His miracles to perform.

No great saying could be more true. In the telling of this episode it must be understood that it is not necessary to make personal contact with people to heal them. We, the human, do not heal anyone. We cannot. It is the Presence of God that heals. If, in my humble way, I have had a part in calling forth these miracles, whether of healing or of other acts, know all men by these presents, that I, of myself, can do nothing. The Presence of God doeth the works. That must be understood.

Some say, "Well, you were the channel through which it came." So be it! Then thank God for using the channel and if you thank God and leave me out, it will be well, for He will not forget me! If, on the other hand, you might wish to thank the channel, then thank God and ask him to remember the channel. What you wish to do of yourself after that in thanking the channel is purely personal.

A student visited one of the larger cities where I was holding a ten-day class. She requested that I go to another state to hold a class. My itinery was already made out for a long time in advance. In order to go to that state where the student resided, in a small city not on my itinerary, I could give only one afternoon and evening before going on to make connections and arrive in time to fulfill a scheduled engagement.

The student left the class immediately for her home town so as to get a hall for the lectures as well as make other preparations. The second day following I received a telegram from this student asking for a healing for an individual who had been bed-ridden for years. The telegram mentioned that a special delivery letter would follow giving details.

It seems, according to the letter, that the sick man was well known in his home city. It appeared further that my student felt that if the sick man could be healed, people would flock to the lectures, to hear The Word.

It must be understood that our method is to refuse to bargain with God. He is the giver, the receiver, and the gift. Therefore there can be no bargaining.

My thoughts began to contemplate the Presence of White Light when the following quotation flashed through my mind: From the Lost Prince—"Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image that thou wouldst desire to see become a truth. Meditate only upon the wish of thy heart, seeing first that it is such as can wrong no man and is not ignoble; then will it take earthly form and draw nigh to thee." This is the Law of that which creates.

The foregoing is said to have been given to Francis Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Lost Prince", by Jesus Himself.

At any rate, I meditated, this man who has been bed-ridden—had he asked for help? I could not answer that. All I could say was that I had a telegram and a special delivery letter asking for help for him. What was his infirmity? God, Thou Mighty Presence of Light, Father of Lights, (James 1:17), Thou knowest! What shall I do for this man? Again a quotation was my answer, this time from L. Adams Beck's "House of Fulfillment", page 316, "When a man has learned a truth how can he know he holds it with anything deeper than the brain unless he

tests it? And what is the reasoning brain? A creature of dust! If your whole being has assented to my teaching, do, NOW, what reason tells you you cannot do; give it the lie. Call *Me* across the mountain and force me to obedience, for we are one in the ONE.

Without further ado I made my calls. My student, I learned later, prayed half the night for that healing.

The next morning, following our prayers and decrees in the household of the afflicted man someone was heard in the kitchen and the family went to see what the commotion could be there, at such an early hour. Our man was getting himself a snack out of the icebox!

"I'm hungry," he explained in reply to their wonderment, "What are you doing? Why aren't you in bed? How did you get out here without help?" and so forth.

"Last night," he explained, "a beautiful angel came and told me to arise, take up my bed and walk! I've been healed, and I'm hungry so I thought I'd make myself a snack!"

Was it the angel of The I AM who appeared to Paul? (Acts 27:23).

Mine not to question why, mine is to follow the Master who said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do!"

Chapter XI

EPISODE OF THE NIGHT CLUB

"Man, know thyself," saith the Delphian Oracle. But who knows himself until he begins to study the Laws of Life? Then, and then only, does a man really begin to know himself, and knowing the worst, seeks to make the baser metals into the gold of character. The Master Character of the God man made flesh. He then seeks to make union with the Christ, as Jesus did in the Ascension. This is the summum bonum of human existence.

—Brother Bill.

Be still and know that I AM GOD! I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.

Psalms 46:10.

On opening night of a Western ten-day class, a man and his wife came to ask for an appointment. When the interview was in progress the man told this story for both himself and his family:

"We have two growing girls, aged twelve and fourteen. They are, as you might know, at the impressionable age."

"Now, next door to us lived a man who lost his wife. He could not stay in his house — it reminded him too much of the missing loved one. So he leased his home and went away."

"The new occupant turned the house into a 'speak-easy'. The cursing and swearing, let alone the other language used in the main rooms of this saloon wafted on the evening air right into our home. It was especially annoying because all our bedrooms are on that side, toward the speak-easy."

"It isn't good for those children to be awakened from their rest to hear fighting and carousing such as goes on over there. What we would like to know is, can we get rid

of that speak-easy? What is the Great Law on that sort of thing? Will you help us?"

"There is," I replied, "a decree that we can use which will remedy the situation."

"What is it?" they asked.

"Many people decree without consideration of circumstances or their *right* to so decree," I replied. "See that thy decree is such as can wrong no man and is not ignoble. Then will it take earthly form and draw nigh unto thee," I quoted, then continued, "Mighty I AM Presence, in Thy great Love, Wisdom and Power, Thou knowest what is required. Enfold these two homes in Thy Great Radiance and release whatsoever power is required to bring Thy Perfection into being here. If in Thy wisdom we are out of place here, then remove us to our perfect place and do it harmoniously. If, on the other hand, the other people are out of place, then take command of that too and remove them; and we thank Thee it is done."

The students went home but several days later, after one of the meetings of the class, they came again. "We are sorry to have to report," they said, "that the speak-easy is still there."

"How do you know that you are not supposed to move?" I inquired.

"Well, we thought of that," they replied and continued, "We own our little place there — our children were born there, our ties are all there — this man surely would not care to use a residence for this place of business if he could possibly use a better located place, he rents instead of owning his property, so we feel that *he* rather than *we* should move."

"Very well," I replied; "you have made your choice, now stick to it and see what happens."

Several days went by and then they came once more to report.

"When we asked you to make the decree, this man had only six or seven cars parked around the place, last night he had twenty-one cars and the party really got rough before morning. It don't look like your decree is any good."

"Wait a minute, my friends. It may be that we haven't done our work correctly. There is some reason, perhaps we have asked amiss. Return to me tomorrow, as it is my last day here. Tonight I'll do some work on this condition — I'll talk to God about it because when we talk to God, trouble goes, if we talk to people, trouble grows! Do not be discouraged."

That night I meditated and decreed about the speak-easy, as well as my other seeming problems and gave it over to the Presence of God. It is well to take our problems to God, then take our human hands off. In other words — *let go and let God!* This, I had learned was a wise thing to do.

On the following morning the telephone rang in my hotel room. My friends were down stairs and were asking if I could see them. "Yes," I answered; "I'll be down in five minutes — see you in the lobby."

Several minutes later the news was broken to me. The speak-easy was closed, the man *had left the key with them and had gone!* They had asked him, "What happened to make you close up? You had more cars and more people in the last week than ever before—why do you close up when business is so good?"

"Business good, huh?" he snorted; "all deadheads, biggest crowds I ever had but only a few paid. The rest drank on the house and when I get flustered I get mad and when I get mad I explode so I told 'em all to go to hurrah and get out! Here's my key — you can give it to the owner when you see him." And the fellow went off, mumbling to himself about 'deadheads'."

We rejoiced once again in the fact that the Law had fulfilled the statements of the Light of God that never fails, for "The Light of God never fails!" (Magic Presence, by Godfre Ray King).

Chapter XII

EPISODE OF THE USED CAR LOT

It has been wrongly stated that "no man can see God and live; but I say unto you that no man can see God and continue to live AS HE HAS LIVED! Nor yet can any man live according to the divine plan and NOT SEE GOD!

—Brother Bill

Beloved, now are we the Sons of God!

(I John 3-2)

He which is of God, he hath seen the Father!

(St. John 6:46)

What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?

(St. John 6:62)

Out on the Pacific Coast I had a seeming condition with my car which not only did not respond to continuous decrees but did not respond to mechanical work either. I finally decided to trade it for a new car.

I talked to several dealers and one made a proposition which sounded reasonable. I told him I would think over his proposition and if it seemed advisable I would return in the morning.

"What is your name and address?" the dealer asked.

"No matter," I replied; "you won't have to chase me — nor sell me against my will, for if my mind is settled on this car I shall be here and the deal can be closed tomorrow morning."

So saying I left the dealer's place and returned to my hotel.

That evening my car failed me just as I was crossing the Pacific Electric tracks. The motorman of the train saw me in time to stop or there would have been an accident.

That settled it and I took it up with the Presence that night before going to bed, "If the proposition is changed I shall know that you do not want me to have that car but if on the other hand, Great Presence of Life, you do want me to have the car, then see that the deal remains as quoted — that the figures are not changed one penny."

The next morning I saw the owner of the car agency. "Hello there," he called in greeting; "I want to see you — let's go into my office. Do you know — I made a mistake on your car, I thought yours was of a later model but if you want our car I'll stick to my figures and the deal is on."

The deal was quickly made and then he asked me, "Say, you've got something and I'd like to know what it is — what is your belief anyway?"

I explained that my belief was that Jesus had told the Truth — that His belief was mine and that I believed in His words.

"How does it work?" he asked.

Again I explained as best I could in a few words.

"Will it sell cars?" he asked.

"Oh yes, the Law can be used to sell cars," and I explained my decree of the previous night — that the deal be not changed one iota. "Your first words to me were that you would not change the deal, that you'd stick to your figures. So, you see — it works!"

"Will you help me sell my used cars? I have a whole car lot overflowing with them."

It must be remembered that this episode took place in 1938 and that the used car situation now, in 1947, is very different.

I promised to help him if *he* would ask God for help in the sale of those cars. "Do not be afraid to ask," I warned him, "God knows who can buy one hundred cars as easily as most folks can buy one. *Ask,* and you shall receive!"

"Okay, I'll do it," he assured me.

That night I talked to The Presence about the cars and asked that He direct the perfect buyer or buyers to the car lot, that they buy them at the perfect prices, at the perfect time.

Next day I left to conduct a class elsewhere and when I returned, several days later, I noted that the car lot was empty. I saw my friend, the owner, and in reply to my question, "What happened?" he said, "Oh, some fellow came in from the Hawaiian Islands who wanted the entire batch and I sold them!"

"Did you get the right price?"

"Oh yes," he replied; "the price was very fair for what cars remained. Quite a few were sold before he made up his mind. He looked at cars in several cities before he returned, and what's more, he paid cash!"

So once again, the Law of Life prevailed.

Chapter XIII
EPISODE OF THE CLOUDBURST

It is not what a man says — nor yet what a man says that he does. He who says nothing at all is often most entitled to respect. But the Gods look upon man in his attempt to do what is the righteous thing. Neither his success nor his failure is weighed in the balance scales, but the attitude in the doing.

—Brother Bill

For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts.

(II Kings 3-17).

After a particularly hot summer in Arizona, the water supply was running very short in the reservoirs. The condition was evidently serious enough so that the newspapers mentioned it in their columns. The people were advised to waste no water and to use what was necessary sparingly. It was even suggested that irrigation be curtailed.

At the class, which was in session at the Woman's Club, the subject of conversation among the students was the exceptionally long drought and the shortage of water.

"Why talk about it, oh ye of little faith?" I inquired. "There be some among you, surely, who believe in God sufficiently to ask Him for succor."

It is well at time to goad the Children of Light, for in spite of all their knowledge they will look for someone else to do the work. This is easily explained in this fashion; By themselves they are willing to tackle a problem that needs their own solution. But in public, fear stops them. Fear of failure? The Light of God cannot fail. People fail — but God never! "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldst

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thodox churchmen, he thought the day of miracles was over. Whatever else he believed, it had nothing to do evidently with the statement of Jesus: "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He may give it you," or "Ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

My father had heated the tar and had things ready for me to fix the roof. So, to make my part right I took the tar, spread it about, swept the roofing gravel over the tar and thanked God from whom all blessings flow.

Believest thou this? "Said I not unto thee if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the Glory of God?" (John 11:40).

Chapter XX

EPISODE OF WALKING ON WATER

Look deeply in yourself, my son, to find that which agrees or disagrees with others. We easily agree with that which amplifies our previous belief. Conversely, we easily disagree with that which upsets our preconceived opinions or notions, whether they have basis or not. There is only one sure arbiter, the Christ, within. Look to It, then silence—and wait!

—Brother Bill.

And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying "Be of good cheer. it is I; be not afraid."

—Matthew14:26-27.

Some folks may snort, scoff, deride and otherwise try to talk away or around this episode, yet it happened as surely as I live and breathe. You may ask, "If you know that people will likely deride your experiences, why tell about them? Why cast your pearl . . ."

My beloved friends, I don't do it for them; rather, I do it for those who may be aided and comforted. These miracles are published to give confidence to those who are on the threshold of Truth and need the assurance that I may be enabled to render. Just as Jesus and others have so often aided me. I, too, pass on to those of you who will accept it, so that I, in turn, may have my cup replenished.

It was in February, after a cold snap. In Chicago a small neighborhood park had been my habitat during the hours from 9 to 12 every morning. During those hours I circled the lagoon by a path which bordered its shores. When I

say "I circled", that is not quite right, because this park had a lagoon which was shaped more like an elongated figure 8. I chose this path around this figure 8 for my study-ground, to make my decrees, where I visualized and affirmed.

The previous week had been warm enough so that there was no labor to my ramblings around and around, time after time, giving my affirmations and thanking God and thinking Good.

But one night the barometer fell; so did rain, which later became sleet and snow. The trees were covered, as was all else. Even the electric and telephone wires were covered with a magic substance—an icy, frosty covering, creating a scene of winter beauty and grandeur. The lagoon was frozen and one part of it—the top loop of the figure 8—was closed for skating and other ice sports. So, instead of passing around the top loop, where there were dozens of hilarious children (and grown-ups), I took the opportunity of walking over the ice just stort of the barrier, thus avoiding the noisy merrymakers. Thus my meditations were only slightly interrupted. Yet I circled only the larger loop.

This cold spell lasted for two weeks or more. You can see that I made many, many trips on the path encircling the lagoon, crossing over on the ice at a point where the loop of the figure 8 was narrow like a bottleneck. Habit is a curious task-master. Force of habit is also a peculiar thing. Oft times one does things through force of habit that he would not otherwise do, especially when in deep meditation.

This morning in question I left my home in concentration over a problem which had arisen. By the time I had arrived at the park and started my "daily work" as I called it, my mind was full of Light and I was in ecstacy over Light's answer to my call. A beautiful vision was given me and I held to it as long as possible, walking, meanwhile, around the loop of the lagoon as I had done in the last two weeks or so, crossing over the ice at the neck of the figure 8.

On this morning the sun shone with a warmth that was a joy to feel. On each trip about the path it was my custom, when facing the sun, to give recognition to the One called Helios and also to the Archangel Michael.

In the midst of my meditations an interruption came that jarred my senses so that I came down to reality with a jolt. I looked around me in consternation. I was at the bottleneck portion of the joining of the loops of the figure 8 when I realized that there was *no ice under me!* Then, like Peter, I began to sink. Luckily, I had almost crossed, for I sank only to my waist before I touched bottom and waded the rest of the distance to shore and thence home for dry clothing.

During the night previous a warm spell had melted the ice, and how many times I had walked across the neck, on water, that day I cannot say. My meditations had kept me too busy to notice that the crowds were no longer skating. *Force of habit* had kept me walking over the same path that I traversed for the last ten days or more. The Master, in commenting upon the incident, said, "Human beings could walk on water as easily as on land; it is only human consciousness that makes men step *into* water rather than upon it."

"Man, know thyself!" is a much quoted axiom, but it shows that "Ye are Gods." To the earnest student may this advice be accepted in the same loving spirit in which it is tendered. Try anything that you have the courage to try, but don't talk about it to *any*one, *any*body. "Tell no man," said Jesus. And I like to say, "Talk to people and trouble grows; talk to God and trouble goes!" So, talk to God, for "One with God is a majority!"

The End

Authors' note: All the quotations made within these pages are from books that greatly aided and assisted in my climb to spiritual knowledge. I acknowledge their aid and give thanks to the Great Presence of Life for directing them to me. It is my sincere desire that others derive as much enjoyment as I did from their pages.

W. J. C.

A Partial List of Books suggested by the Author*

Om,	by Talbot Mundy
Old Ugly Face,	by Talbot Mundy
The Nine Unknown,	by Talbot Mundy
In Tune With the Infinite,	by Ralph Waldo Trine
Daughter of Indra,	Author Unknown
Romance of Two Worlds,	by Corelli
Key of Dreams,	by L. Adams Beck
Garden of Visions	
House of Fulfillment	
Unveiled Mysteries	by Godfre Ray King
Magic Presence	
I AM Discourses	
Your Word is Your Wand	by Florence Scoville Shinn
The Game of Life	
Zenia the Vestal,	by Margaret B. Peeke
Miriam of the Mystic Brotherhood,	Anonymous
Impersonal Life, The	Anonymous

*In addition to those already mentioned within these pages.